THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL. II.——No. 2. Whole No. 54.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. THE TICKLER shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, IN ADVANCE. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

Journies through Spain.

Proposals

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

For Publishing by Subscription,

RECENT JOURNIES THRO' SPAIN.

EXHIBITING

The present state of society and genius of the inhabitants of different provinces....the natural position of places.....their objects of trade and curiosity....the productions and state of agriculture....together with a variety of incidental occurrences upon the different journies through that country.

By A GENTLEMAN LATELY RETURNED

from an extensive tour of Europe.

"Lo mio y lo tuyo han causado muertes, robos, incendios a millares de millones."

EMBELLISHED WITH A MAP,

Delineated from one published at Madrid, by the privilege and approbation of the King.

CONDITIONS.

1. The work will be put to press as soon as 300 copies are subscribed for.
2. It will contain about 300 pages octavo, and be printed with a handsome type, upon a fine wove paper.
3. The map will be executed by an esteemed artist, in an elegant style.
4. The subscription, two dollars and fifty cents, to be paid upon delivery of the work—bound in boards.

Subscriptions received at the office of the publisher, No. 131, south Front-street, and at most of the booksellers.

October 19, 1808.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

UPHOLSTERY.

FOR SALE.

IN FRONT-STREET, a few doors below Chesnut-street, the corner of Gray's-alley,

18,000 lbs. Cat-tail,

at the very moderate price of 4 cents per lb.——Also, a quantity of excellent

Rope Floor Mats,

AND

1600 wt. Prime Feathers.

at a very reasonable price.

Dec. 7, 1808.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

FOR SALE,

No. 48, *Market-street,*

IN THE

Lottery for Useful Arts.

THE subscriber, having only a few Tickets left unsold, any person wishing to make their Fortune, may be supplied with a ticket, at the low price of 1 dollar and fifty cents, by

Jesse Sharpless.

N. B. All the HIGH PRIZES are yet in the wheel, the chance great. Jan. 11

WAX FIGURES.

Mechanical and Invisible Lady,

Really worthy the attention of the curious,

TO BE SEEN,

At No. 48, MARKET-STREET, *A FEW DOORS BELOW* SECOND

Opposite the Jersey Market.

Jan. 11

FOR SALE,

AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW COPIES OF THE

National Songster.

Containing a collection of the most modern and admired patriotic, sentimental, anacreontic, comic, any masonic songs, original and selected.

Feb. 15.

EPIGRAMMATICAL QUIBBLES.

The DRUM.

If war do come,
Then woe be to the drum,
Which is put in a very great heat;
Let the victory still,
Be on which side it will,
Yet the drum is sure to be *beat.*

The WICKED SON.

A father was saying,
To his child disobeying,
No father had so wicked a son;
'Yes, yes,' says the lad,
'I remember good dad,
'My grandfather, he had one.'

DOCTOR CHURCH.

Doctor Church, t'other day,
In a pulpit did pray,
And I stood wondering at the door;
I've oft a pulpit seen,
In a Church, where I've been,
But never a *Church* in a pulpit before.

HERE LIETH THE REMAINS
OF THE
EFFIGY
OF THE
Honorable Timothy Pickering,

A representative of the virtuous and patriotic people of Massachussets, in the Congress of the U. S. which by impious hands was committed to the flames in the Northern Liberties, on the evening of the 6th of Feb. 1809, because he was *A PATRIOT* of '76, and the confidential friend of WASHINGTON; had honesty sufficient to oppose executive tyranny in 1808, and to warn his countrymen against the shackles and yokes that were preparing for them.

The flames from the effigy, like the many luminous remarks from the pen of *the original*, on the importance of handing down to posterity the INDEPENDENCE and *CONSTITUTION*, which he assisted in establishing, and of preserving unshackled the rights of the people, so illuminated the horizon that, could a blush have been raised in the cheeks of the MISCREANTS, who were the *promoters* of this eternal disgrace to the city & liberties of Philadelphia, it would have been seen, but alas! they were like the hardy assassins, during the time of a Robespierre.

May the minds of those deluded men, who were made the *instruments* of a few factious demagogues, be illuminated, that they may be enabled to judge men truly, according to their works. Rest *assured*, my fellow-citizens, that the very men, by whom you were led to perform this act, had they the power, would be *TYRANTS* indeed over you, and would rule you with a rod of iron.

A SOLDIER AT THE
BATTLE of GERMANTOWN.

Law Question for Jothiah Tittyboy.

Suppose a man purchases a covey of live partridges, which had been trapped in the state of New-Jersey, can he legally set them at liberty in Pennsylvania; and are they entitled to the immunities of citizenship (that is, to be shot) without first submitting to certain forms of law, in a court possessing common law jurisdiction?

QUERIES.

TO COLONEL DUANE.

If it takes a man three years in Calcutta to be exalted to a pole ten feet high; how long does he think it will take him to get to heaven?

2. If a mink kill three fowls by common bed time, what will an owl do from that time till day?

3. If the exact distance is a quarter of a mile from his press to Lieper's snuff-mill, how far is it away over the Schuylkill?

TO LIEPER.

If a pinch of snuff makes a boy of eleven years old sneeze, what quantity will it take to make a man of 81 sneeze?

2. If an ordinary chew of tobacco is three fourths of an inch of pig tail; how long will it take an enormous chewer to destroy four large twists?

DR. LEIB.

Is requested to say what is the precise dose of *Ipecac.* for an owl.

2. If 3 3-4 ounces of blood will cure an intermittent of two days standing, what quantity will it take to cure one of 7 years standing?

3. How he would make a bread and milk poultice out of scraped potatoes?

TO LAWYER TITTYBOY.

If a dog is hung for sucking eggs, what will become of col. Duane?

2. If a large rat can claim the benefit of the writ of Habeas Corpus, who is confined for murdering goslings?

3. If an oppossum was indicted for crim. con. with a weazle's wife, how many of Mr. Dr.'s certificates would he demand to appear for the defendant?

A SCABBY SUN.

A fellow that was shabby,
Said the sun was scabby,
For which he was call'd a lout;
How scabby, let us know?
Why you see 'tis so,
Because it so oft *breaks out.*

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 22, 1809.

Extract from Mr. Gallatin's report on the state of the *Treasury*.

This number (52) entitles us to demand another dollar, IN ADVANCE, from all our original subscribers, and such who commenced with numbers 27 or 40. The Register of our *Treasury* will, as soon as convenient, wait upon our patrons with *bills to repeal the embargo law on dollars*.

Feb. 8.

MR. SCRATCH'EM,

As you have often been accused of publishing untruths respecting the Dr. and the widow, you are authorised to publish the following statement of facts, for the information of those who may have been deceived by the Dr. and those of his friends who have persisted in their belief of his innocence.

Some time ago, two persons arrived in the neighbourhood of Winchester, Virginia—the gentleman under the name of *John Newcom*, and the lady as his sister, under the name of *widow Fenton*, their intentions were to go farther south: but from imperious circumstances, they were obliged to stop at Newtown, about 12 miles from Winchester; the lady's situation, from outward appearance, justified the propriety of this measure; the gentleman also had a severe attack of the gout, and was attended by a professional gentlemen of that place.—During their stay in Winchester, the gentleman was recognized by a person who had seen him in this city, and announced to some of the inhabitants as Dr. H—; this naturally led to enquiries, and from some observations by persons who had access to their rooms, the real names of the parties were discovered by the initials, &c. on their linen and books, and proved beyond a doubt to be Dr. H. and Mrs. ——.

For the TICKLER.

"*The getting of treasures by a lying tongue, is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.*"

PROVERBS XXI—v. 6.

"*The robbery of the wicked shall destroy them; because they refuse to do judgment.*'

IBID——v. 7.

MR. SCRATCH'EM,

It is not true that the communication which appeared in No. 50, of your paper, with the signature of 'DANIEL,' was written by *Daniel M'Caraher*, or his sister, to whose parents' estate, '*Honesty personified*,' acted in a particular capacity. No, sir! Had the author of that piece the 'motive and cue for passion' that they have, then indeed might a certain person, that you and I know, tremble for the disclosure of his conduct. But what can be done by a young man, unacquainted with the proper steps to be pursued, when the necessary documents are in the worst of hands, himself without pecuniary means; against a man so well versed in *Chicanocracy* as Billy O'Dunn calls it, that he got *through* a certain piece of law business with his ears uncut, contrary to the expectation of a lawyer, whose abilities in his profession nobody calls in question. So much for the authorship of the piece. As for the author himself, he appears to be enveloped in the *Cloud* he spoke of. His attempt bespeaks some boldness of character. But he must possess wonderful talents indeed, if he makes any impression, where delicacy of sentiment & feeling; dignity of mind, and even decent pride have absented themselves. '*Tread upon a worm and it will turn upon you.*' The truth of this saying, as applicable to mankind, must now be doubted, after what has been related by 'Daniel,' which upon enquiry, appears to be strictly true. By my troth, sir, I would have replied to such an address in the towering language of honest indignation, and hurled back in his teeth the base slander: *provided however*, that I felt INNOCENCE and CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE warming the blood in my veins! But if I did not feel such noble support, I should have done exactly as did *Honest Mat*.

But sir, would you disgrace or degrade yourself by insisting upon being a pew-holder, in a religious congregation, where you had been officially told that your presence was disagreeable, that it excited pity, contempt and disgust, and that your character was notoriously bad, where you had been in *other* instances treated accordingly, without attempting a vindication of your character? No sir, you would not, you would have courted investigation, you would have taken some measures to relieve yourself from odium. It is however to be observed, that among religious societies, however imperfect they may be, they do not asperse so *pointedly* a person's character, without having good foundation for it, and this may perhaps account for the absence of *resentment*.

From what '*Daniel*' says in his piece, *Mat* might quote scripture and say, '*I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.*'

I have not time to say more, but merely to enquire if *Mat* was at the Democratic town meeting, and whether he gave much ear to the chairman?

PHILO-DANIEL.

TO GEN. BARTON.

SIR,

Having observed in the papers that you are applying for arrearages of pay, as a revolutionary officer, I take the liberty of communicating to you my thoughts on the gratitude of republican governments. I am aware many will be displeased and offended at this communication; but this will give me no concern. Truth will offend; let it offend whomsoever it may, it should be told. Did men do justice, there would be no need of reminding them of injustice, nor cause them to blame & censure for it. Having fought and suffered to establish a republican government like ours, the observations which I shall make, cannot be considered as anti-republican, or the ill spleen of party prejudice, but from a sincere wish to preserve that system of government which I assisted in establishing. It is impossible for republics to exist, when justice is not adhered to, and those rewarded, who risked their lives in its establishment, any ex post facto resolves to the contrary notwithstanding.

Republican governments, sir, are the best of all other systems, when well managed and conducted. Under such a government every man is safe in his person and property; this is not the case under monarchical governments, where every man's life and property is at the disposal of an ambitious tyrant, whose word is law; but if republics are not well conducted, and the first principles of their establishments adhered to, they will in course of time degenerate, act as unjust, tyrannical and arbitrary as tyrants do. This I fear will be the case with America. Symptoms of this are already apparent. Parties are standing in formidable opposition to each other, and which ever gets the ascendancy, shew in turn, that they regard justice no more than their predecessors did. As they succeeded each other in the management of public duties, they have all shewn and proved to demonstration, that they do not regard and feel for the sufferings of old revolutionists who established that system of government, which for the time being, they are elected to preserve. Justice and gratitude is not the order of the day; this is evident from their not paying those, who were barred by unjust and cruel resolves, of their hard earnings; hence I infer, you as well as many others who have claims, will be turned off empty handed, as heretofore: this, sir, is republican gratitude—this is the way republics pay—with the dash of a pen, they pay off thousands at once. Republican gratitude forever!!!

I know and admit, there has always been some in our legislative bodies, who wished those paid, that served in our revolution, which tried their firmness & principles; but they were always too few in number to effect any thing in their favour; the majority being men of no principle, defeated the well meaning minority in their wish and endeavor. What can be done when this is the case? Nothing that I know of, but to tell them in plain soldier terms—keep our hard earnings and be ——; but I'll forbear; some will say, your writing in this manner, will make no impression on those who are now at the helm of public affairs; instead of inducing them to do that which their predecessors ought to have done long ago, it will steel them much harder against paying off old claims. In this supposition, however, I cannot concur; for it is an axiom in philosophy, that when lenity and kind treatment fail of producing the intended effect, other means must be resorted to. This is exactly the case with revolutionary claimants: they have petitioned and prayed in the most humble terms for many years, alas! in vain! Thus having failed, an opposite course ought to be pursued, in order to see if it will produce a better effect upon those who now have the conducting of public affairs in their hands.

But, sir, old revolutionists not being paid off, is not the most aggravating; to see them entirely neglected and thrown aside, as if they were not worthy of any notice or favor, is worse than all. If they look at the appointments what do they see? Why, they see men appointed, who never risked their lives, nor suffered any of the hardships we endured; men but a few years among us, scarcely known who or what they are, who have not even paid taxes sufficient to entitle them to citizenship, are more noticed, attended to, and have more influence with our executive officers, than those who exposed their breasts to the bayonets of the British and Hessian grenadiers. Had they not turned out, and resisted the tyranny of the British government, they would not now be what they are, and where they are.

To see men appointed to offices of profit and trust, who were not here to assist us in extricating ourselves from British oppression, is too much for a man of '76 to bear, without resenting it—no true American will say we ought. I maintain that emigrants have no claim on public favor; it is the heighth of impudence to look for it or expect it; those who weathered the storm of danger are entitled to public favor and support, on the ground of merit; to prefer strangers to Americans, in our appointments, is a stigma on the American character; it supposes we are not capable of executing the functions of our respective offices; such a supposition I will never admit. We Americans are as able and capable to transact our respective official duties as Europeans, we stand in no need of their assistance.

The admonition of our worthy Washington to our legislative bodies, viz. 'To pay a sacred regard to justice,' without which, republics cannot long exist, is no more regarded and attended to, than the British and French tyrants regard the rights of other nations. Laws and resolves evidently unjust and expost facto, by which some hundreds were excluded from receiving full and just compensation for their hard services, are held more sacred than justice!

If ever it justice was committed in republics, (I am sorry I must express it) it was in ours. Let us look back to 1784-5, what do we see? Sir, we see certificates issued to officers and soldiers for services rendered during the war; after they had them it was rumoured about that these certificates would never be paid off; the poor officers and soldiers hearing this, sold them for 20 & 25 cents a pound; after those infamous swindlers & rogues (who spread the report) had them in their voracious maws, they were funded, and those ravenous and rapacious vultures, now live in fat and plenty, on those blood earned certificates, which they bought for a song. I have no doubt on my mind, some members of Congress of that time and day, were concerned in this infernal trafic, or the certificates would not have been funded so soon. This was the pay which our poor officers and soldiers received—who would not serve republics when they pay off so generous?

In my next I shall drag forth all those respectable and worthy jockeys, who were concerned in passing limitation acts and resolves; and if ever men were black washed, they will be, by an old soldier of

'76.

PS. Mr. Printer, you are requested to insert any reply in answer to this, that may be handed or sent you: but the first scoundrel who will appear to defend injustice, may expect to be attacked and treated in a soldier like manner. From me he need expect no quarters.—From this declaration my antagonist may judge of his enemy. Let him prepare for battle, as we did at Princeton and other memorable places.

AN OLD SONG.

IN A

NEW DRESS.

....

Hail Columbia! fated land,
Hail ye villains! infernal band,
Who panick struck in freedom's cause,
Who panick struck in freedom's cause,
When the storms of war were come,
Took to your heels and away you run.
Let Embargo be your boast,
All unmindful what it cost,
And ungrateful; ill or well,
Let its altars sink to h—l.

CHORUS.

Un—divided may you be,
In the cause of deviltry,
As a band of villains join'd,
May you be to hell consign'd.

Immortal patriots! why deplore,
Your bark driv'n on a hapless shore,
Tom Jefferson with impious hand,
Has took the helm and gives command;
And to his minions breathes in lies
Who fatten on the sacrifice.
Whilst civil war comes on a-pace,
We'll trust to heaven, mercy and grace
That fed'ral justice will prevail,
And democratic power fail.

Chorus. Un—divided,' &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
And ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
Then skillful feds with godlike power,
Will govern in the fearful hour,
Of horrid war; or gild with ease,
The happy path of honest peace.

Cho. Firm—united we shall be, &c.

Lo! then the chief who now commands,
No more to enslave his country stands,
But sunk into oblivion's vale,
But sunk into oblivion's vale,
Detested as he liv'd, shall die;
His fame expire with his last sigh:
Then from the brink of dread dismay,
No gloom shall cloud Columbia's day,
But all her sons from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brother's join'd
Peace & safety we shall find.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Friend Tobias,

I have long deplored that æra of our history which gave rise to the versatility of principle so evidently baneful to republican governments. By the breath of popular favour or hatred, public characters are now raised or depressed with perfect ease, not gradual; but in a moment. Not from a long course of patriotic services, or by an uniform adherence to consistency in treachery; but immediately by precipitate action frequently without cause and without merit.

'*Nos populo damus.*'

Yet is this popular vote deemed the voice of the truth and the criterion of right and wrong. It is made the *fulcrum* on which turns the wheels of government. So much is it feared that honest virtue is oft times sacrificed to enjoy its smiles. Its influence operates on all classes, and is more or less the source of opinion in proportion to the diminution of its weight. Under this deceptive ma-

chine, introduced for the purpose of more effectually controuling the will of the minority ; have we laboured ever since democracy has flourished. The levelling powers of this *demon* has debased gentleman to the rank of the blackguard, and subjected the representative interest to the controul of the lower class of citizens.

Those whom political turpitude, or native ignorance deprived of the power of reasoning, were equally with their betters entitled to fill public stations ; and from their number, as a majority of voters, they were a kind of self electors, whose eventual success stamped infamy on all inferior offices ; and thus engrossed to themselves stations of public service, from which men of honor & character turn indignant. In this way arose that monopoly of offices by men of depraved principles or ignorant minds; when neither education nor nature entitled them to the enjoyment of them. For proof---observe this fat strutting fellow coming towards us, see how significantly he looks through a pair of spectacles---he would now fain pass for a Socrates or a Plato, but be not deceived by appearances, enquire who and what he is ; you will find he has been a hostler, a shoemaker, a tallow chandler, or a butcher ! ! ! ! from Ireland. Such a fellow finding the road to office easy ; joined with his fellow expectants, and succeeded ; not because he was distinguished as a man of sense or merit above the common herd from whence he was taken. No, no, no, these have nothing to do in the exaltation of such a man ; but because, he drinks harder, swears louder, blasphemes & lies, with less conscience than his neighbors. These are qualifications to inspire a man with ambition---with these pretensions a candidate is certain of success. Now, in our spectacled gentleman, all these qualities are combined & consequently he succeeded.

Friend Toby, to a man of delicacy, this is absolutely disgusting ; yet in republics it is all right, and to be sure it must be borne. But pry'thee, how grating to our fine feelings to salute such characters with---' your honor---esquire---general---colonel---mayor,' &c. Wheugh ! a—caw—kaw.

RAPHAEL.

New Theatre.

Wednesday Evening, February 22,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH-DAY of GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

a celebrated Historical Play, in 5 acts, called the

Glory of Columbia ;

HER YEOMANRY.

Genl. Washington		Mr. Warren
Arnold		Mr. M'Kenzie
Andre		Mr. Wood
Bland		Mr. Cone
Melville		Mr. Miller
Williams	*Yeoman who took Andre*	Mr. Jefferson.
Paulding,		Mr. Bray
Van Vert,		Mr. Wilmot
Dennis O'Bogg		Mr. Blissett
British Officer		Mr. Briers
Mrs. Bland		Mrs. Melmoth
Honoria		Mrs. Wood
Sally Williams,		Mrs. Wilmot

After which, an Interlude, called

The Spirit of Independence.

IN WHICH WILL BE INTRODUCED

A Grand Emblematic Transparency.

representing the

GENIUS OF AMERICA.

Recitation,	The American Worthies,	Mrs. Melmoth
Song,	Standard of Freedom,	Mr. Jacobs
Dance,	A Hornpipe,	Mrs. Bray
Song,	Bonny Bold Soldier,	Mrs. Seymour
Pas Seul en Militaire,		Master F Durang

To conclude with a Characteristic Dance.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A favorite Comic Opera, in 2 acts, called the

Poor Soldier.

Capt. Fitzroy	Mr. Downie
Dermot	Mr. Wilmot
Father Luke	Mr. Bray
Patrick	Mr. Jacobs
Darby	Mr. Jefferson
Bagatelle	Mr. Blissett
Norah	Mrs. Seymour
Kathleen	Mrs. Wilmot

☞ *The FORTY THIEVES*, will be performed, (as a first piece) on Friday, for the 10th and last time this season, in order that the Ladies and Gentlemen may have an opportunity of gratifying their children, without keeping them out at a late hour.

Box, one Dollar ; Pit, three quarters of a Dollar ; and Gallery, half Dollar.

The doors will be opened at half past 5, and the curtain rise at half past 6 o'clock precisely.

Places in the boxes to be taken of Mr. Pullen, in the front of the thetre, from 10 till 2, and on the days of performance from 10 till 4 o'clock.

☞ Gentlemen are respectfully informed, that they cannot be permitted to smoke SEGARS in the theatre, and that *pass checks are not transferable.*

IRISH IMPUDENCE.

A *modest* sprig of the *Green Isle*, who has not pouched a few '*fippeny*' bits in this country, '*at all at all*,' not long since was expatiating upon the grandeur of his appearance whilst a *Cow boy* in the county of Longford Ireland. 'Fait and troth,' says our Cow boy, 'you Yankees dos'nt know what's what ; for you only wears half boots *heer*, when my master gave me fair top boots to wear, when I was after driving the cows to water.' Now know all men by these presents, that these fair top boots were composed of *old hats and a wisp of straw.*

In the year 1805, there was not in the whole state of Pennsylvania, a more virulent opponent to the election of Simon Snyder, than LAWYER LISP. He branded him with all the opprobrious epithets the English language affords ; and in order to render him an object of contempt and ridicule, he called a puppy, he was then raising, 'Simon Snyder'. The dog Simon continued as a domestic in Lisp's family, till within a few weeks before the late election, when his master felt a predeliction for one of the law-offices in the governor's gift, and suddenly came out in support of Snyder's election—upon which Simon's namesake, the unoffending dog, secretly disappeared. Report says, that his cruel and blood-thirsty master assassinated his poor canine *fellow thittzen*, and buried him, in the expectation that he would be able to bury his own political sins along with the dog. From that period till the election, Lisp was the most active *patriot* to be found among the ranks of Snyder's friends.

On the very next day after the election, Lisp wrote to the governor elect, informing him that he would *accept* of any one of the '*law offices*' in Philadelphia, from the Attorney General down to the Clerk of the Mayor's court. The governor must be a great sceptic indeed, to to doubt the *pure* motives, *disinterested* patriotism, and *sincere attachment* of his *friend* lawyer Lisp.

Two Lascars were lately indicted in the Mayor's court on a charge of larceny. Our friend the *enlightened* lawyer Pasquin, the writer of that HIGHLY ADMIRED poem, entitled '*The Hamiltoniad*,' appeared as counsel for the defendants. During the examination, one of the witnesses on behalf of the Commonwealth, produced to the court a small pinchbeck watch he had taken from one of the prisoners. Owing to a deficiency of testimony, the jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty.' The court then enquired 'what had become of the watch ?'——'Oh !' replied Pasquin, 'that's *taken care of !*' And very special care indeed, had he taken of the little *monitor*---for he *took care* to pocket it, in lieu of a better fee.

During the pendency of a trial that lately excited a considerable degree of public curiosity, that child of sapience, lieut. George Rutter, *Esq. constable*, was called to refute the testimony of one of the defendant's witnesses. His competency was objected to by the defendant's counsel, who alleged that Rutter had wagered a bett upon the issue of the trial. This challenge roused Rutter's *fine feelings*, and called his vast oratorical powers into action ; and in the most elegant, copious and perspicuous language, he told the court, that he had wagered a bett though not on the issue of the trial, but on a *point of law*

Turning the Tables.

Frederick Burkart, constable, lately arrested a negro fellow, charged with larceny, and took him to an alderman's office. The alderman was not within, and while Burkart was waiting for him, the negro stole unperceived out of the office, locked in the constable and several other persons, and thus in his turn made a prisoner of his captor. A hue and cry was immediately raised, the dextrous negro was retaken & safely lodged at the Mansion house of the eleven steps.

On last Thursday morning, lawyer *JOTHIAH TITTYBOY* left this city, to the infinite regret of all true lovers of modesty and youthful diffidence. He is said to have taken a north westerly direction, and is supposed to have gone no farther than Lancaster, just to have an eye to the distribution of the loaves and fishes. We hear that *Tittyboy* did not himself make any application to governor Simon, for remuneration for his *disinterested* services at the late general election ; though his father is said to have forwarded a *strong recommendation* in behalf of his son, signed by *himself*, and several others, equally *respectable* on the score of character.

If Tittyboy supposes that he will find a ready market for *impudence*, at Lancaster, we can assure him that he will discover, he has been literally taking 'coals to Newcastle ;' at least during the session of the legislature, and the continuance of the distribution of offices.

SHARP NEWS.

Last Thursday night, at about eleven o'clock, major Dan Sharp, better known as the *waxen hero*, entered the Salt Box, in company with several other young *gentlemen* of *high blood*. The host and hostess were just going to bed, when these intruders made their appearance, and began to *kick up a row*. From the major's face being decorated with the insignia of the Order of the Nails, we shrewdly suspect that he must have been engaged in a conflict with one of the *maids of honor* to the Cyprian Queen. After putting out the candles & throwing the candlesticks about the ro
ger of a crippled old man and a d
gallantly removed the ten plate s
place to the opposite side of the roo
they knocked down the stove-pipe, whi
molished every frangible article that stoo
tlepiece. After these *noble feats*, and disp
copious knowledge of the Market-street-hill
heroes withdrew, without paying for any of the
they had destroyed in the course of their *high*
frolic. Who will now dare to deny that major Sharp
seen service ?

IMPORTANT.

Alexander Ogle, Esq. member of Assembly from Somerset county, is said to have written to Col. Humphreys of Connecticut, for stuff, of domestic manufacture, sufficient to make him a new pair of red breeches.

Information from Lancaster states, that since Billy Binder, the wooden representative elected by Philadelphia county, in the room of Dr. Leib, has taken his seat in the legislature, the article of *beer* has experienced a considerable rise.

Turtle Eating Aldermen.

On last Thursday afternoon, the Mayor's court were detained more than an hour, owing to a deficiency in the requisite number of Aldermen to constitute a court. Messengers were dispatched for several aldermen, but all returned with the information of 'he's not at home—he's gone to the Alms-house. Upon enquiry, it appeared that the aldermen of the city and justices of the county, met on that day to settle the poor tax for the current year—and to make all sit easy, they generally crown the whole with a sumptuous entertainment.

A large party of ladies request the purloiner of Mr. John Livingston's boot to return it to his dwelling, north Third, near Vine-street, as he is now compelled to remain at home for the want of it, to the great grief of many females. If the possessor of the boot is one of his creditors, and will leave it with some one of the ladies of his acquaintance, he shall receive the price of half a pair of boots for his trouble.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Perceiving that you notice the removals from office with remarks, permit me to intimate to you information just received, that the governor has turned out all the auctioneers and has appointed as follows :

Thomas Passmore ! ! !
——— Montmollin,
James M'Glathery,
John Humes,
Silas E. Weir, and
Peter Kuhn.

TURNED OUT.

John Connelly—No complaint against him ; he was an active officer in our revolution.

Andrew Bayard—No complaint against him ; he was a respectable merchant, and son of one of the worthies of '76.

Joshua Lippincott—No complaint against him ; he paid large sums to the state.

T. B. Freeman—No complaint against him ; a man who brought a number of useful mechanics to this country, and sunk a large fortune in establishing manufactories.

Samuel Israel—No complaint against him.

John M'Gregor—a moderate democrat.

A COMPARISON.

It is really singular to remark what a true idea is formed of a *woman*, by comparing her to a *ship*. Conceive to yourself her *lady-ship*, very comely to the eye, extravagantly adorned, and beautiful *flags* and *streamers*. She occupies more time in rigging, than a whole fleet ; her *cordage* and *tackling* are of fine silver twists, her *entering-rope* only of pure gold ; her sails are silk, and of the colours of the rainbow ; her masts and yards are strong and serviceable ; her sheets, tacks, braces and tyes, are all costly ; her cables, hawsers, shrouds, and sounding-lines, are of great price and small profit ; and contrary to any other *ship*, she has neither forestay nor backstay, for the wind lies in her will, and no cable or anchor can have power to prevent her sailing, when, and where she pleases. In a word, she is a fine timbered vessel, and can sail without any compass. Her ordnance and artillery are in her chase, and her powder and ammunition in her stern. She is capable of sinking or blowing up any, that dare board or grapple with her. She is laden for a voyage with poor commodities, but generally returns home richly fraught with apes, monkeys, marmosets, feathers, beads and bracelets, cobweb lawn, green parrots, and Marlborough spaniels. The captain of this ship is *Vanity*. The vessels under her command are :

1. *Dainty*, a ship purposely built for the procuring of far-fetched and dear-bought commodities. 2. *Pride*, an intolerable gaudy vessel, with a particular lofty sail, with top and top-gallant. 3. The *Boy*, a little frigate of small service. 4. The *Disdain*, a great ship of much use, but of strange course and steerage. 5. *Fashion*, a galley only for the service of the wardrobe. 6. The *Toy*, a pinnace to attend the Fashion. 7. The *Wanton*, a ketch.

O'BRIEN.

From the London Monthly Mirror.

....

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER III.

I need not tell thee, who wert born, and wilt probably die on the banks of the Seine, that it is the foible of our countrymen to give mountainous names to mole-hill objects. You and I, my dear Ambrose, have often shaken our sides in sympathy, at the gasconade of Sterne's Parisian barber, who, by way of recommending the buckle of a new wig to the intended purchaser, exclaimed—'You may immerse it in the ocean, and it will stand.' The builders of Paris have given to certain inclosures, in and about that city, the imposing titles of *Campus Martius & Elysian Fields:* and yet I must confess to thee, in a whisper, that a Roman emperor would, during life, have felt himself and his army rather cramped in a drilling ground like the one, and after death, with Virgil's hexameters yet floating in his memory, would have experienced something far short of eternal happiness in a retreat like the other. The sponsors, who superintended the baptism of London, acted a more manly part. Those elegant public promenades towards the west, not to be equalled in Europe, are simply called *The Parks*, whilst the squares and public buildings, in general, are known by the most simple and uninviting epithets, as though the builders had determined to bestow on those strangers, who do not chuse to visit them, the most unequivocal permission to go elsewhere. Their Chelsea Hospital is a noble structure, & might be called a *palace;* but candour obliges me to add, that their *St. James' Palace* is an ignoble structure, and might be called an *hospital*. I was lately much struck, in my rambles through the city, with a magnificent Grecian building. I asked a young man in embroidered pantaloons, who was issuing from under the portico, its name, and he told me it was the *India House*. 'You must be mistaken, sir,' answered I; 'this is no Indian Pagoda, it is more like a Grecian temple.' 'I cannot possibly be wrong,' replied the youth of many seams, making me a bow, 'for I am a clerk in it at a salary of 100*l.* per annum.' The building, it must be confessed, whether Indian or Grecian, forcibly strikes the eye of a stranger, & I have no doubt would be a source of permanent admiration to any man, who, being honored with an acquaintance with a peruque maker opposite, could command a view of it from the first floor. A stranger in the land, like myself, placed in the midst of *Leadenhall-street*, and elbowed by a deluge of people, could not raise his eyes without compromising the safety of his nose. I was in the act of gazing at that structure, and admiring the allegorical figure of his ambi-dextrous majesty at the top, when a tawny vender of Italian images tilted his board, with its motley freight, against my shoulder, and in a moment thy poor Endymion lay sprawling in the mud, in unison with Bonaparte, Westley, Belcher, a *black poodle* and a *green squirrel*.

From the India House the transition is but short to the Mansion House, whose *Egyptian hall* is decorated with multitudes of stuffed mummies on the annual election of the Lord Mayor. This '*laboured quarry above ground*' was reared by an architect celebrated for making heavy churches and sprightly comedies, a sure way, in either case, to build for mortality! As to the celebrated *Bank of England*, it bears the appearance of a congress of stones, met, heads and tails, to congratulate each other on their escape from the perils of chaos. *Talleyrand* calls it a *huge mausoleum, sacred to the memory of departed bullion;* but as he is an interested witness, his testimony must be taken *cum grano salis*. Having alluded to Sir John Vanbrugh's churches, allow me to enlarge upon that topic. The pious *Queen Anne* built I do not know how many of them, to give to all her good subjects of London, an equal chance of reaching Heaven, and, with a laudable partiality, scattered her steeples in such irregular masses, and such odd holes and corners, that an inhabitant of London may visit the altar twice in every Sunday throughout his life, without letting his neighbor know any thing of the matter. If he be religious & ashamed to own it, (no uncommon character here) and has no dislike to the discord of bell-clappers, he has only to sally forth on a Sunday morning, and after looking about him to see if the coast is clear, pop down the next blind alley, and it is ten to one he finds himself in a magnificent gothic church, at first inspired by a jig from the organ loft, and afterwards exhorted by a guttural curate, and a nasal clerk. Does not this remind thee of the Arabian tales, where we sometimes read of a black slave, & a dark passage, leading the lucky lover to a splendid saloon, adorned with emeralds, houris, coffee and wax candles? Such was the religious benevolence of good Queen Anne, who, in the words of a cotemporary poet, seemed resolved to 'do good by stealth, & blush to find it fame:' and I am led to believe that the fashion of building churches expired with that venerable lady. Not that I would have thee suppose the good people of this city to be devoid of all clerical conveniences. On the contrary, there are *Chapels of Ease, Quaker, Presbyterian, and Methodist meetings*, enough in all conscience, but none of these are possessed of that old fashioned ornament, a steeple. The celebrated John Bunyan is said to have styled that excrescence *the devil's extinguisher to put out the taper of true faith*, and from so seldom finding it on modern houses of religion, I am led to suppose the opinion prevalent at this day. For my own part, I feel a sort of penchant for a steeple. It often guides the pilgrim in his progress through woody and perplexed districts, and I think (with all deference to the author of the Pilgrim's Progress) that it will not much impede his journey to another world.

A stranger who enters London from the county of Surrey, finds himself, before he reaches the turnpike, in St. George's Fields, near a Methodist Chapel, on which these words—'*The House of God*,' are inscribed in large characters. If he be such an irreligious Levite as to slight this intimation, and crosses over the way to pursue his journey to the metropolis, he finds, on passing the turnpike, an *octagon chapel*, on the right, frowning defiance on the *Royal Circus* opposite, and warning stray souls not to prefer stage to pulpit pantomime. I am credibly informed that the founder of this tenement, who is a man of education and some humour, intends to invite classical countrymen to his conventicle, by inscribing the following lines, from Virgil, on the gates of the aforesaid turnpike:

> 'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides:
> The *right*, to fields Elysian safely guides;
> The *left* to that unhappy region tends,
> Which to the depth of *Tartarus* descends;
> The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.

Do not, my dear Ambrose, contract thy sable brows, and cry 'nonsense,' at these irregular remarks, for they serve to beguile the solitude, to which my inability to keep pace with the expensive amusements of this great city sometimes condemns me. A lank purse is an evil, but in my opinion, a lank countenance is a greater.—Moreover, I am but an insignificant performer in the seven act farce of life; then why should'st thou wish to make me dance in the fetters of Aristotle? The unities of time and place have been so sadly violated in the history of thy banished friend, that surely he may be permitted now and then to overlook them in his letters.

REVOLUTIONARY PROJECT.

[In the early part of the session of our state legislature, Mr. Banks, from Mifflin or Centre county, offered a resolution for appointing a committee to draft an address to the governor, *to remove all the justices of the peace and aldermen* at one sweep, without stating any charge against either or all of them, other than they had been appointed by either governor Mifflin or by Governor M'Kean. This Banks we do not know personally, as he was not 'one of the collected *wisdom* of Pennsylvania' at the time we had the honor to be the printer of their '*sublime intelligencer*;' but from the virulence and rancour displayed by him on several occasions, he appears to be a very fit tool for Leib and Duane, or Snyder and Binns. Let them go on in their mad career—prostrate the best of civil institutions in the attempt to gratify party malice: the people are politically *blind*, and must be made to *feel* before they can *see*: but when their eyes are once opened to their true interests, woe be unto the infuriated innovaters of of our liberties.

From the list of signatures obtained, no doubt at the instance of these resolution movers, we, from a personal knowledge of some, pronounce them to be generally extremely ignorant or depravedly wicked.—Look at one of these advocates for reform—he could not write his own name, but made his X. A very fit man to judge of the expediency of a measure of such magnitude.]

To the honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in general Assembly met,

The petition of a number of the citizens, inhabitants of of Mifflin county, most respectfully represents,

That we profess our willingness, cheerfully to submit to the constituted authorities, in all constitutional and laudable acts; yet, in a government where the people are sovereign, their will ought to be obeyed by all their functionaries, and we do not hesitate to protest against all attempts to counteract that will; and inasmuch as the late chief executive magistrate has, in the course of his administration, appointed many men to offices, who, if in the election of the people, would have been in the minority, as one to ten. And whereas, through the wantonness of power, many injudicious appointments of justices of the peace have been made in many parts of this commonwealth, taking into view character, capability, and local situation, and as the tenor of that office is for life, or during good behaviour, a considerable number are at present entirely superannuated, and thereby incapable of doing justice betwixt man and man, and to consummate the evil, a number of justices have been appointed since the late general election, Adams like, wishing to put it out of the power of a successor to appoint others, be their merits what they may, as it would increase the number to still a more enormous degree: We therefore, pray your honorable bodies to address the governor, agreeable to a provision of the constitution of this commonwealth, to remove from office, all the justices of the peace at present in office, and appoint a competent number, agreeable to another provision of said constitution.

Gabriel Luken,	John Fergeson,
Henry Willi,	James Walker,
Thomas Leonard, sen.	Lewis Herning,
Jacob Bonsal,	Thomas Leonard,
John Moore,	David Walker,
Edward Cookson,	*his*
Paul Crawford,	*Isaac* ⋈ *Cofiu.*
Matthew Rodgers,	*mark*

An Irishman going into a field, was desirous of drinking some water out of a deep well, and asked whether it was good. He was told yes, and that his parents had drank out of it. 'Aye,' said he, 'what long necks they must have had!'

BALLOON INTELLIGENCE.

Dublin, Jan. 5.—Yesterday being the day of all days appointed to bless the longing eyes of the inhabitants of Dublin with a sight of the most beautiful and most brilliant of all possible balloons! millions unnumbered, of men, women, children, infants of every age, gentle and simple, nobility and mobility, townsmen and gownsmen, wool scribblers and paper scribblers, captains of ship and captains of men, peace officers, war-officers, custom-house officers, counsellors and privy counsellors, gentlemen's gentlemen, and gentlemen at large, ladies of easy virtue, lords of no virtue, barbers and surgeons (for they are now divided) volunteers, lads of the brush and of the comb, sheriffs, tarrers, featherers and attornies, all joined in procession, to see the wonderful air balloon at Ranelagh!

How did they go? They went in coaches, on foot, on horseback, in gigs, in noddies, in jingles, in litters, in churns, in dancing masters' desobligeants, in sedans, in low back cars, in wheel barrows, in bowl dishes: they walked, ran, waded, flew, swam, pushed on, and were pushed on. Hackney coaches, from No. 317 down to No. 1, inclusive. No, not a cyclops was left in Dublin; trade stagnated, manufacturers starved, lying-in women in vain called for assistance; payment was stopped at the banks and public offices, bankers and all, merchants and all, doctors and all, were gone to see the wonderful air balloon at Ranelagh!

Damme Jack, cries a wooden-leg'd sailor, there's more fuss about this *galleon* of theirs, than about any we took last war: I wish he'd launch her, and let's see her build. Oh! they're *tin plating* her, said a brazier's apprentice: tin-plating, said the tar, damme, she's going such a voyage, she ought to be copper-bottomed. Oh mother honey, has not he two balloons—Ho, you foolish child one's as good as fifty; oh then I would not give a fig for him if he has not two. Keep in here Tommy from the wet, under this gentleman's *rumpard*, and I'll lift you up when it goes off. Well, I wish he'd take my husband up with him, won't he go higher up, sir, than *Lunacie* went in London? Ah then, Paddy, is it true that the balloon's full of nothing? Tut, you fool you, what should it be full of? Well, myself would not go up in it for my big-coat pocket full of guineas. Stand out of the way of that lad's *umbered*, Ned: but there's half a score boys there above, down in the ditch, up to the middle in water. Thank God, my wife's in her bed in the fever, she'd get her death of cold here in the slough. Oh, *tunder* alive, do you see *de* cooch-fulls coming away: ah, poor fellow, sure his *blather's* burst.—Trimcake, the baker, told me that as it was so wet, his garnish would be all wash'd off. Do Tom, *ax* Latin the school-master. My good people it's impossible, he can't pump in his *infallible* air, his *gauze* will be to weak. Home, home, says the cow-boy, it's christmas fools he's making of us, myself knew it would not do: is it that big fellow goes up in the air like a kite! Well, the devil go with this same Ranelagh, it's the surest place in all christendom for a drop of rain water. Come here child your poor duds are all wet, I wish you was taking a heat at the lime-kiln: my heavy curse upon Crosbie and his air balloon, I say—Aye, and damn Hollister, I say, for bringing down the rain on us.

But, ah! what pen, what goose wing artillery could do justice to the feelings of those ennobled females, who honored this unfortunate exhibition with their presence. The societies of fair philosophers (for philosophy is now in fashion) have lost their favorite topic. Have you seen the balloon at the Rotunda? Shant we see the balloon go up at Ranelagh? I shall be afraid to look at his balloon when he's mounting, was all the chit-chat of ten days past. Alas! dumb are those mouths where silence ne'er reigned before. The children cried for Crosbie's balloon could not ascend; the misses tittered, for Crosbie's balloon could not ascend; their mamas' scolded, for Crosbie's balloon could not ascend. Some looked sullen, some looked sulky, some laughed, some sighed, and all were affected; 498 titled ladies fainted, 73 miscarried, nine of twins. Oh! Rutland, speedily add an increase to the nobility, nor let the peerage of Ireland in the next generation suffer, because Crosbie's balloon did not ascend. Crack go the carriages, splash the horsemen, and coach meets coach and jostles in the dirt. Nine men transfixed by the poles at the first news of the misfortune, 1932 drowned in the mud, or overrun by wheels, 79 missing—dead—or dead drunk.

Mr. Forster's carriage has got entangled with the speaker's—Lord Earlsfort's has deranged the chancellor's. Confusion; a worse confounded! the secretary's wheel locked in with the Wicklow-stage—'Sdeath! Molyneux in the mud! Oh! patriotism, where are thy stilts? Laugh, ye borough mongers; heaven has declared against innovations—Laugh ye rump and dozen citizens, who drown the morning in sleep, the day in claret. Laugh ye physicians, at the balloon fever which this day's unsated curiosity has occasioned. Crosbie's could not ascend; the multitude gazed without advantage; the nobles wished without effect; they retreated in disorder, not like the 10,000 under Xenephon, for Greece used no balloons, but following the balloon to the country where it first appeared, imitated the conduct of the king of France, whose 40,000 men, on a similar occasion,

'Went up the hill, and so came down again.'

Published every Wednesday morning,

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

At No. 134, [illegible]